The Tripod.

VOL. III. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, FEBRUARY, 1890. NO. 3.

An Advertisement.

Fiercely blew the wind and whistled round the casements of an old tavern at which I happened to be staying. The air was white with the snow flakes and as they were blown unmercifully about by the strong north wind they lodged in the cracks and crevices of the old building.

The tavern is situated in a small country town in the northern part of Maine, and was probably built nearly a century ago, and afforded a shelter for the weary travellers who often happened to be passing over the mountainous roads leading to the lumbering districts.

I sat by the open fire in the office and studied my surroundings.

The room was low and dimly lighted; the open fire burned cleerily upon the large brick hearth and cast its reflections upon the faces of those present, while now and then the shadows played at hide and seek upon the dingy walls. The room contained four gentlemen who were busily occupied with the papers, which the mail-carrier from the stage had just deposited upon the oaken table in the center of the room.

Three of the men, to judge from their dress and general appearance, were well-to-do merchants, and as they were sitting around the table I could judge their business interests by the portion of the paper which each perused.

The fourth was meanly dressed; he was a small man, at first glance one would say he was old, but a more careful survey, showed that care and toil had worn the wrinkles and sprinkled the hair with gray. His presence there was forced, for I had noticed his look of despair when he was told that he could not continue his journey on account of the storm.

He sat there listlessly, not appearing to notice his surroundings, when at last he took up a paper and carelessly glanced over its contents; and suddenly his eyes rested on an advertisement and we were aroused by a slight cry of surprise. I looked up. It was one which I had placed there myself and which read as follows:

WANTED.

Any one who can inform us as to the whereabouts of Sherman Norton, please notify us immediately.

EMERY & CLAYSTON,
Counsellors at Law.

I knew from the man's actions that he was either Sherman Norton or knew something about him, and I began a conversation which soon drifted into the history of our lives, our business, and our ambitions.

The evening passed quickly, but before the large clock in the hall had struck twelve I had learned the history of the man who from the first had interested me.

His name was Sherman Norton, the son of a rich merchant, whose father, on account of his early marriage, had disowned him, leaving him almost penniless. He then went west where, after three years of care and trouble, his wife had died, leaving a beautiful little daughter. In the following year he came to New York with the child, which he left there to be educated in a convent, for economy's sake, and then he determined to travel until he had obtained a small fortune, enough to support his daughter. Now after twelve years separation his daughter was dying, and he was anxiously waiting for the storm to cease that he might continue his journey.

I listened attentively to his story and then informed him that I could tell him some good news. "Your father died a year ago and on his death-bed he forgave you. You are no longer the disinherited son, but the happy possessor of an immense fortune. What I tell you is true, for I was your father's lawyer, Judge Emery by name, and I can prove your right, for here is the will."

Thus through an advertisement a poor man was made happy and a fortune was gained.

A. D. L., '88.

On the Beach at Twilight.

I stood on the beach at twilight.
The tide was driving in,
And murky clouds hung heavily
O'er the waters vast and dim.

Night slowly drew her mantle
O'er landscape, isle and lea,
'Till here and there a twinkling star
Looked out on the moonless sea.

Then turning my vision sea-ward,
Peering out in the coming night,
I behold the silent lighthouse,
With its welcome beacon light.

And many a wave-tossed mariner
Upon the billowy sea,
This sentence read in that light,
"Steer thy vessel far from me."

God saw the timely warning,
For he was looking too,
Drew aside the cloudy curtains,
And revealed the heaven's blue.

Swung out the moon's vast lantern,
Lit up the cheerless night,
That many an anxious seaman
Might his vessel steer aright.

Then o'er the water stealing,
Came the evening bells' low chime,
As rang the ancient curfew,
At that old historic shrine.

Bowing in adoration,
I worshiped at that shrine,
When a wave, swift rolling inward,
Broke at these feet of mine.

Broken, the enchantment left me,
Gone was the sacred shrine.
I heard only the bells of Saco.
Ringing the hour of nine.

L. S. H.

A Ballad.

(Founded on fact.)

There was a little mouse,
And he had a little house
Right under the cloak-room floor.
But when he took a nap
They caught him in a trap,
Behind a little ugly wire door.

But a maiden, going by,
Saw the mouse and heard him cry,
And, her heart with pity stirred, she set it free.
Then the mouse he jumpeth out,
And as he frisked about,
He said, "You don't play that again on me."

J. D. W.

Ghosts.

The word ghost calls to mind the idea of a being which is spirit rather than body. Something which appears and disappears, but not in accordance with mechanical and material laws. Almost every community has some house which is called haunted, and there are traditions of the appearance of mysterious beings called ghosts. We may mention in this connection some other mysteries, one of which is called spiritualism, being the supposed communication with beings not in this world. There are also the mysteries of mind reading and mesmerism. The general cry which one expects to hear upon mentioning these names, is "frauds, deceptions, fables." If this is true, let us prove it. If not, let us know what is true. So said a body of learned men a few years ago, and these men today are giving much time to a careful analysis of all facts obtainable. Mind reading seems to indicate a power to communicate thoughts without speaking. When a Christian prays, he does not make his voice the whole medium of communication. Many a prayer is offered in silence. The man believes that he can communicate with God by a mind reading process. Is it not possible that the same thing may be done between two human beings, at least in a limited manner? Dreams are mental pictures, seen with the eyes closed. Instances are known of persons dreaming the same dream at the same moment. Was not the picture transferred from mind to mind? Mesmerism would seem to be another example of mind working upon mind, or will controlling will. Is there then any possible way of accounting for ghost stories? Perhaps the answer becomes plain from our study thus far. Many dreams, (mental pictures) are very real, so real that they cause great uneasiness at times. A man lately dreamed that he saw a monkey sitting above his door, threatening to throw a cigar box at him. The danger seemed so real that the man suffered agony in his mind. If he had been awake he would have laughed at the danger. The monkey, the cigar box and the danger were all in his mind. May there not be mental states which picture beings (ghosts), and the ghost be a mental vision?

Suppose we add one other conclusion and see its bearing upon the subject. We have seen cases of supposed thought communication. Is it not possible that the appearance of a ghost, so-called, may be the influence of some mind upon the one seeing the image? Here our friends give us an interesting answer. Such appearances, so far as can be seen by examples, occur at or near death, and in many cases are the result of an intense mental desire on the part of one to see or speak with the other, and the mental effort is so great that a communication takes place, and the other gets at least a passing mental picture of the one. The mind is a curious machine. We always believe we can communicate mentally with the Creator. May not so-called ghosts be the mental effort of a friend to speak to another friend as man speaks to God, without the use of the voice?

Boarding School Blessings.

Now I sit me down to eat
This hash of ancient chopped up meat,
If I should choke upon a tack
I pray the cook to pound my back.

Twenty-five cakes for twenty-four of us,
Thank the Lord there are no more of us.
Amen. Please pass the syrup.

Class of '90.

The class of '90 is very small on account of the changes in the courses, made this year, which allows only four years' scholars to graduate. The class of '91 will also be small, but after next year the classes will be larger than ever before. Below are the parts as awarded by vote of the class.

Salutatory, - -	George C. Littlefield.
Oration, - - -	Charles G. Scamman.
Oration, - - - -	Harry E. Bryant.
Oration, - - -	Charles L. Sweetsir.
Oration, - - - -	Ralph Webber.
History, - - -	Joseph N. Noyes.
Prophecies, - - -	Hattie M. Milliken.
Valedictory, - - -	Mary L. Peyser.
Ode, - - - -	Harry E. Bryant.

Stacy gives a full description of a parasite. "It is something that lives on something else."

Attention! Company!

The Thornton Academy Cadet Corps, numbering thirty or more, organized a few weeks since, is progressing finely under the skillful management of Capt. Scamman.

The following are the officers:—
Captain, Charles G. Scamman.
1st Lieutenant, Charles A. Stacy.
2nd Lieutenant, Frank H. Libby.
Orderly Sergeant, Charles L. Sweetsir.
2nd Sergeant, Frank G. Leavitt.
3rd Sergeant, George C. Littlefield.
4th Sergeant, Fred A. Lord.
1st Corporal, Clarence O. Bickford.
2nd Corporal, Ralph G. Calef.
3rd Corporal, Edward H. Hancock,

CADET NOTES.

Brace up, boys. Attend the drills, Mondays and Wednesdays.

The caps give the boys quite a military appearance.

The flag is taken care of by members of the club.

The Cadets have been delayed in obtaining their uniforms, owing to the scarcity of the material of which they are made.

We hope to see more enthusiasm and more recruits when the suits have arrived.

Oh! where is that young ladies' cadet club which started off so bravely. Come, Capt. Foss, rally up your faint hearted damsels and fall in.

The other evening, one of the Academy students was going to call on a lady friend. Of course he had to black his boots, and upon asking his mother where the blacking was, she replied that there was a new box on the shelf. He found it and spread a thick layer over his boots, but alas! when it was too late, he discovered that it was *store blacking*. We should like to tell who it was, but have already used his name once in this number and of course do not wish to show partiality.

One of Miss Cole's characteristics in the French class is that she always is just ready to recite when the next student is called upon.

The Tripod.

THORNTON ACADEMY.

A LITERARY MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

MARY A. BOWERS, '89, - - - MANAGING EDITOR
CLARENCE O. BICKFORD, '93, ASST. MANAGING EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:
JOSEPH N. NOYES, 90.
MARY L. PEYSER, '90.
FRED A. LORD, '91.
ALICE G. MILLIKEN, '91.
GEORGE S. BEAN, '92.
GENEVIEVE MARSH, '92.
THAD. H. LIBBEY, '93.
GRACE M. LOWELL '93.

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Further information furnished by Business Manager upon application.

The French class commenced this term to read Dosia, by Henry Gréville. It will be a great improvement when, under the new arrangement of the courses, two years instead of one are devoted to French, for in the present short time the grammar study must necessarily be very incomplete.

It has been decided that the class parts shall be given by rank instead of by vote of the class, after the students now following the old High school courses have graduated, which will be in '93. Under the new system of ranking which was adopted last fall, wherein daily recitations count even more than written examinations, it seems perfectly fair to give the class parts by rank, but it would be far from just to carry out this plan with the three upper classes, they having been ranked while in the High school by the old system, 100 for a perfect paper, as the examination paper may and *may not* show the true standing of a student.

We are waiting. For what? Why, contributions of course. We have some very good writers in school,—strange that they do not give us more support.

We see by *The Drift*, an amateur paper from Ludington, Michigan, that flags have been placed on every school building in the city. Good for Ludington! May others profit by the example.

While reading the November number of the *High School Graphic*, from Buzzard's Bay, Mass., we noticed an illustration of what occurs every two weeks in the T. A. so take the liberty to repeat it for the benefit of certain students here. "A very worthy saying is 'Never put off for tomorrow what you can do today.' If in our school work, as well as in after life, we were to take this for our motto, of how much trouble and annoyance would we be ri l. Particularly in school would we be saved annoyance. For instance, perhaps we are told on Friday that an essay will be due from us on Monday. The time looks so long before us, that we keep postponing the writing, until after an incredibly short time, Monday morning dawns, and the essay is still unfinished. Then at noon comes the hurried search in encyclopedias for information, the hurrying through lessons; and just in time, with a sigh of relief, we hand in the essay, vowing never to delay again. We cannot do justice to ourselves in such hurried work. To keep putting off our work may do for a time, but never in the end, brings satisfactory results." If the students would use more time and thought in writing their compositions, instead of scribbling them down hurriedly at the last moment, we should have much less trouble in finding one suitable for publication.

We have received the following new exchanges since last month:

Temple College News, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Advertisers' Bee*, Rochester, N. Y.; *The College Star*, Hiram, Ohio; *Vermont Monthly*, Springfield, Vt.; *The Napa Classic*, Napa, Cal.; *The Premier*, Fall River, Mass.; *Franklin News Letter*, Franklin, Me.; *The Southern Press*, Smith-

field, Va.; *The Band of Fellowship*, Jacksonville, Ill.; *The Monthly Visitor*, Haverhill, Mass.; *Truth*, Winchester, Ky.; *The Millennium*, Covington, Ky.; *Youth's Friend*, Bennington, Vt.; *Orange High School Record*, Orange, Mass.; *The Dover Spy*, Dover, Me.; *The Drift*, Ludington, Mich.; *The Review*, Washington, D. C.; *The Fern Leaf*, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The Youth's Guide*, Lansing, Mich.; *The Messenger*, Milwakee, Wis.; *Young America*, Cobleskill, N. Y.: *The Normal Offering*, Bridgewater, Mass.

New Year's Resolutions.

As we realize that time is rapidly bearing us on to the beginning of a new year, we all, I think, desire, if we do not make any decision in regard to the question, to have our coming year an improvement upon the last.

Looking backward over the departing year, as its scenes, one after another, are renewed in memory, what do we see? A year of perfect deportment on our part, a year full of kind words and good deeds? I think very few mortals can present such a picture of a past year. On the contrary, we see nothing but broken resolutions and promises, nothing but lost opportunities, haunting us as in olden times the dead were supposed to do, ever flinging before our eyes those sad words "It might have been."

But, as everybody has two sides to his character, a good as well as a bad, we must find here and there, amid these many failures, a truly noble deed, or self sacrifice, or completed duty, which encourages and brightens our hearts for the future, as the oases, although they may be small and few, strengthen the traveler on his weary journey across the desert.

Thus, in spite of our failings and shortcomings in the past, let us not be discouraged, but enter upon the new year with hearts more determined for victory over our faults, and with that perseverance which must conquer all things brought in contact with it. And if we fall at the first stroke of misfortune, let us rise again, saying with Shelley,

"I know the past, and thence
I will essay to glean a warning for the future;
That man may profit by his errors,
And derive experience from his folly."

COMPOSITION.

Wanted.

By the first class, some one to help them sing the ode.

By the students of Thornton Academy, a clock for the main room. (*This is serious.*)

By all the poor creatures who attend this school, a tunnel, covered walk, or some means of protection from the wild elements which rage between the corner of Fairfield street and the school building.

In the back seat, 5th division, a seat mate. Must be amiable, quiet and not take up too much room. Masculine gender preferred. For further information inquire at the office of the TRIPOD.

By the editors of this paper, more subscribers, contributions and exchanges.

By Mr. S—, a detective to catch the boy who whistles.

By the Cadets, warmer weather, so that they can wear their new caps with some comfort.

By the boys of the physiology class, the girls to get up more voice.

H. B. KENDRICK & CO.

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—o—

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As to the character of the work emanating from my studio nothing need be said, for all through the county specimens in great numbers are distributed, and I feel a pardonable pride in saying that the verdict is: "No better work can be had in New England."

A. J. CARLL,

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7 Pleasant Street. - Saco, Me.

C. H. SAWYER,

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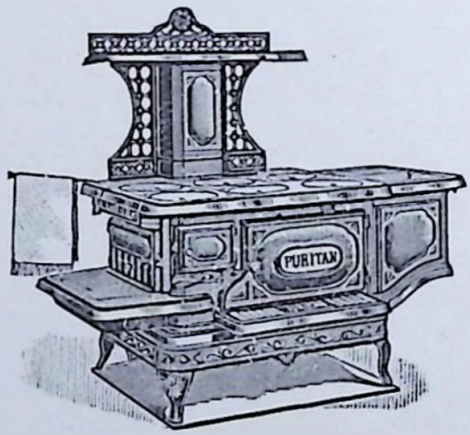

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M. W. FOLLANSBEE,

DENTIST,

74 Main Street, Saco, Me.

[For The Tripod.]

La Grippe.

What keeps the boys and girls in bed,
With aching limbs and throbbing head?
What makes them wish that they were dead?
La Grippe.

What is it that they all so hate,
That early keeps them in, and late,
So often when they want to skate?
La Grippe.

We all may say what e'er we please,
We never will have any ease,
Until we've had that dread disease,
La Grippe. —'92.

Echoes from the Gymnasia.

During the last vacation Mr. Lory Prentiss gave a series of lesson in the gymnasia. The lessons occurred Dec. 26, 27, 28, 30, 31, and on New Year's Day. The first lesson was to the boys alone as not enough of the girls had been told. The attendance in the girls' gymnasium averaged seven, in the boys' eight, not a large number out of a school of nearly sixty girls and fifty boys. Those attending greatly enjoyed the lessons, each one seeming more interesting than the one before, and they were heartily sorry when the last was over.

It is much to be regretted that no more interest is shown in this department. It should have an especial time and teacher, and be as compulsory as the other lessons. Certainly, it has proved beneficial and necessary. Half an hour a day in the gymnasia could well be spared from the other duties and pleasures by every scholar, and would prove by far more beneficial than half an hour in our Cadet Clubs or Military Drills, good though they may be.

At the last lesson the girls drew up a Drill with the wands and dumb-bells, also a series of free gymnastics, which received the approval of Mr. Prentiss. Parts of this drill, with variations are given every night, led by some one of the girls who attended the lessons. An endeavor is being made to make the movements as varied and interesting as possible, and all the girls are asked to join. If you cannot come every night come as often as possible. Try it for a short time and see if you do not feel benefitted. The trustees are ready to give us a teacher when we prove that we *want* one.

C. S.

Tripod Trifles.

G. B. "Do you love me?"

Miss Fogg, '91, isn't she "sweet-sir?"

Miss M. says her motto is "America and Libby-ty."

Another pun. Chadbourne thinks there's no music so beautiful as martial (Marshall) music.

What did Mr. Sampson say about moving the chairs, G—? That's all right, we won't say anything.

Who said anything about the wind? Why, the wind never blows up here. You must be fooling.

Miss Lane, '92, said she was so "hard up" for pickle limes, that she had to pawn her "Lend-a-hand badge."

Apply to Marshall, Carpenter, & Co. for all the latest styles in hair dressing, "Paris puffs" and "Psyche knots" a specialty. Money refunded if not suited.

One of Hovey's characteristics is that of learning the last part of the lesson first, and of omitting the middle. We suppose he is more anxious for the conclusion than for the explanation.

The young ladies who worked in the gymnasium by lamp light must, indeed, be interested in development. What a pity the enthusiasm could not be more equally distributed over the school!

And great was the lamentation thereof, with weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, when the students' reports for last term were sent home. Many of the Cicero class were completely prostrated for several days.

Anyone passing Miss Hill's room at 10.25 a. m. would judge from appearances that it was a Kindergarten, but we wish to inform the deceived people that it is only Bryant and Littlefield drawing their geometric figures.

Burbank, '93, employes his valuable time in catching flies. We must come to one of two conclusions, either that he is making a Natural History collection, or that he is fielder on some base ball nine, and has difficulty in catching "flies."

Tripod Trifles.

No examinations in the middle of the term, as usual.

Ellen has invented a new occupation, dyeing the hair. All are invited to learn the trade free of charge.

We think it would be an excellent idea for some one to tell Stacy not to Boulter out of the recitation room.

An electric bell, for calling the janitor, has lately been put into the main hall, where it is convenient for all the teachers.

Ask Bean, '92 and Bryant, '90, is they believe in specific gravity. We can say we do, because we have seen them practice on the bars. Go light boys.

Miss Peyser, '90, deserves the title of class grammarian. Upon being asked to give the principal parts of the verb take, she rendered them "take, took, tooken."

As there has been much questioning among the girls, concerning the Libby spoken of in the December TRIPOD, we will be considerate and tell you that it was not "that Libby" but "the other one."

Mary got there just the same, but we were all afraid that she was going to get out of it, as Mr. Sampson dismissed the others while she was sitting in agony waiting for the moment to come.

During the English History recitation, Miss Haley said that the nation had suffered so much from misgovernment by those who had ruled during the minority of Richard, that they wanted no more *boy queens*.

In the geography class, Miss Chadwick asked how many islands thre are in the Isles of Shoals? The answer should have been eight, but one of the boys came to the front with three hundred and sixty. Just a little off, F—.

Are we going to have a school ride this winter? If it is decided to have one do not take a night when the thermometer is 20 below zero, and the wind blowing a hurricane, as the seniors did last year, unless you all want frozen ears. We speak from experience.

MR. LESTER S. BUTLER,
Teacher of Music,
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Buy Your Watches
— AT —
P. A. FREEMAN'S,
No. 151 MAIN STREET,
BIDDEFORD.
☞Next door to the Biddeford House.

The chemistry class have been very fortunate in having no serious accidents.

Webber and Lord threaten to annihilate Noyes, if he doesn't stop humming McGinty.

Miss Deering, '92, cannot distinguish the Biddeford cadet uniforms from the grocery clerks' blue overalls.

Miss Lane, '92, informs her neighbors that she just adores mince pie. So we should judge, Miss L., from the contents of your lunch basket.

Webber, '90, has been amusing himself the past week with a doll, cut from a piece of chalk. It would be a good idea for someone to bring him a rattle.

FOR SALE! A large amount of second hand court plaster, as good as new. Sold at half price, if taken by the ton. Apply to R. C. CALEF, Saco.

When the sentence "Then he discovered that he had fallen into the midst of the enemy," was translated, Deering remarked, "I should think he would have known when he tumbled down."

Adney J. Fenderson,

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